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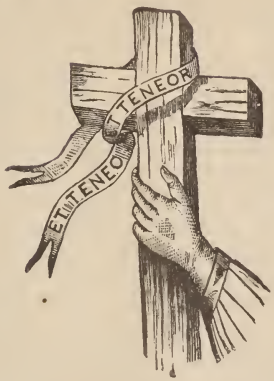
Woman's Work for Woman.



Vol. XIII. FEBRUARY, 1883. No. 2.

THE RIFT IN THE GIANT'S ARMOR.

During the fiery days of the Indian hot season Batala's missionary has been perusing Major Osborn's works on Islam, an occupation which ought to be profitable to one engaged in labor among Mohammedans. The books give one a clear view, as from a height, of the enemy with whom we have to grapple. And what see we before us? As it were a Goliath, of unutterable cruelty, with weapons dripping with the blood of tens of thousands, fearful in stature, throwing his mighty shadow over millions of those whom he holds in thrall. Perhaps the first impression given by the sight is this—surprise that our societies of ladies should encounter such a Goliath! Before his heavy spear are not our weapons as needles? How does he endure our puny attempts to attack him? for here weak maidens are actually the attacking party! Women are daring "to beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall!"

But the volume that shows us the enemy shows also such a rift in his armor that I am constrained to point it out to such missionary sisters as may not have access to the major's works.

The difference in *purity* between the Christian and the Mohammedan religions has often been pointed out. It is as that between light and darkness. But not all men desire *purity*. Alas! those who hunger and thirst after righteousness are the few, and not the many. But there is an instinctive desire in *every* heart for peace and happiness. Such desire is common to the wise and the igno-

rant, the pious and the depraved, the English child and the poor zenana captive. And in this matter of tendency to promote happiness the difference between true Christianity and Mohammedanism is again as that between light and darkness. Light is not only the emblem of purity and truth, it is also the symbol of joy. I intend copying out for my own use in Mohammedan zenanas part of the following extract from "Islam under the Caliphs of Bagdad," and transcribe it here for the use of other missionaries. It shows how, among the most distinguished, the most thoughtful of the leaders of Islam, the thirst of the soul was unslaked, how it rose to the fever-thirst of misery, and then, as a contrast, I will mention a few cases of the bliss of dying Christians who had come to Him who hath said, "*He that believeth on Me shall never thirst.*"

The first example which I shall give of the gloom which Mohammedanism throws over a reflecting mind is that of Mohammed's own son-in-law and devoted follower, the caliph Ali—a man in life and character far superior to him whom Ali owned and revered as the prophet of God:

"Of the khalif Ali it is related that a friend visited him and said, 'How does the Prince of Believers to-day?' The khalif replied, 'Like a poor sinner living the lot which has been assigned to him, and awaiting its dreadful termination.' 'What think you of this world?' asked his friend. 'What can I say,' replied Ali, 'regarding a dwelling place on the threshold of which is sorrow and at the extremity is death; where the rich are condemned to corruption and the poor to misery; where a severe judgment awaits the good and everlasting fire the wicked?' "

Alas! poor Ali! he could not cry with the apostle, "*O Death, where is thy sting?*"

Take another example from those whom Mohammedans honor:

"Concerning Ommar ibn Abdallah, one of the companions of the false prophet, we are told that he was wont to fast the entire day and spend whole nights in prayer. On such occasions he would be heard by his neighbors shrieking out in the stillness of the night hours, 'Oh, my God! the fire of hell robs me of sleep! Oh, pardon me my sins! The lot of man in this world is care and sorrow, and in the next judgment and fire. Oh, where shall the soul find rest and happiness?' "

The unhappy Mohammedan knew not the call, "*Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.*"

I might multiply quotations, but these will suffice to show what comfort Islam affords to the dying.

I was speaking to-day on the subject to one who is just breaking from the fetters of this soul-crushing religion. He assured me that Mohammedans *never* welcome death; they *never* smile at the

hour of departure. How is it possible that men should do so who believe in such traditions as the following, recorded of Mohammed? "On a certain occasion when a party of his followers, performing their ablutions in a hurry, had omitted to wet the soles of their feet the prophet said, '*Alas! on the soles of their feet, for they will be in hell-fire!*'"

Now turn from darkness to light. It seems unnecessary to give accounts of the triumphant departure of Christians, whether death come in the lingering pangs of sickness or the burning flames of martyrdom, so many are familiar to us all. Two successive Bible-women of Batala have sung joyful hymns on the day of their deaths. As we well know, a sweet Christian poetess expired with a note of praise on her lips!

One English sufferer when she was asked how she felt faintly smiled, and answered, "Sinking in body, but rising in spirit—clinging to the promises—longing to be gone." She told her friends that they could have no idea of what she was suffering, but added, "I have One who sympathizes with me. Jesus died: He knows the pains of dying. He conquered, though He fell, *and so shall I!*" The afflicted one repeatedly said, "Who is there that I would exchange situations with? I know not any person. Mine is not a trembling hope. No; it is *the confidence of hope!*"

Often has the missionary asked of the ornament-bedizened inmates of Mohammedan zenanas, "If you were to know that you were to die to-morrow would you feel fear or joy?" It is a solemn question, which usually makes even the frivolous look serious, and often the confession of fear is heard. But no glance of incredulity succeeds when the Christian says that to her the knowledge would bring joy, because she knows that through Christ her sins are forgiven, and that death would but take her to Him. May not a feeling of envy enter the poor Mohammedan's breast; may not the thought arise, "Would that such peace could be mine!"

Yes, though only those brought into close contact with Mohammedanism may realize the extraordinary power still wielded by the false prophet over not only the minds but the *affections* of the sex whom he has oppressed and degraded, we must with prayer and hope go forth to the conflict. Mighty is the giant, and strong are his weapons; but if his bond-slaves learn to connect not only holiness but happiness with the Christian religion, if they see that it alone gives peace in life and joy in death, surely God has shown us a rift in the giant's armor, where we may strike hard and strike home!—*A. L. O. E., in India's Women.*

"MAKE others to see Christ in your moving, doing, speaking and thinking; your actions will savor of Him if He be in you."

WOMAN'S WORK IN INLAND TOWNS AND COAST PORTS.

MRS. G. F. FITCH, SHANGHAI.

"Wisdom and love and power divine
Through all His works *unravelled* shine."

Over and over again the words came to me last Sabbath in my little boy's own "preaching" style. I knew he was learning the Sabbath-school lesson hymn for the day, and I knew he ought to say *unrivalled* instead of *unravelled.* But the mere strangeness of the words caught my attention. I thought, God's "works" may mean His leadings of us just as well as the wonders of nature, and when we stop to *unravel* these, how wonderfully His wisdom and love and power shine forth! I was thinking over the past year, during which we had been detained from our work in Soochow, and yet which had proved to be full of joy, and I hoped a useful one as well. One of my little ones said this morning, "How strange it is that to-morrow never comes! When it comes, it is gone!" And this year, made up of just such to-morrows, seemed to have disappeared even as they have done.

A friend asks me to look over the year again, comparing the missionary work here and in Soochow, but I have done so little direct missionary labor that I shrink from giving my opinion. Within a stone's throw of the American Presbyterian Missionary Press, where we have lived, I have visited, in every direction but one, homes just as dark and full of sorrow as any I ever saw in Soochow, and I have realized, as I never did before, that nothing but the gospel of Christ can change such homes, here or there or anywhere. There are some discouragements to work here that one does not meet away from the ports. For instance, I had a large and interested audience one day near the old railway station. One of the women, I found, was formerly a pupil of the late Mrs. Muirhead, and nearly all seemed eager to listen and inquire about the truth. But just before I came away, one woman on the outside of the crowd said, "These foreigners are so strange. Not long ago I saw a party of them come down this road, and they stopped and opened a lot of bottles, and got so drunk they had to lie down."

Another time, when speaking of the Sabbath, I was interrupted with words to this effect: "Oh, yes; that is your great amusement day, when you have your best dinners and go out riding, etc. I know the cook of one of you foreigners, and Sunday is his very busiest day." Such interruptions as these, and others far worse, I rarely meet with in Soochow, but here they are so frequent as to be a constant source of discouragement. If they are met truthfully and wisely, however, they may be made stepping-stones to useful conversation. Hushing up such remarks, or trying to dispute them, is certainly a mistake.

Speaking of the estimate in which the Chinese hold foreigners reminds me of a conversation I lately had with our native pastor. He, while very willing to admit the wonders and usefulness of the telegraph, telephone, "self-coming-fire," electric light, and other foreign innovations, summed up the whole matter thus: "Shanghai is the worst place in China for foreigners and natives, but it is the foreigners who have made it so."

Returning from the United States last year with one detachment of the Chinese students, we have become much interested in many of their number. Some of them have very graphically repeated to us certain conversations they have had with Chinese gentlemen of the higher class. The friends of one of them insisted on his taking wine with them, and on his refusal exclaimed, "What? Not drink! Why, you've been in a foreign country for years, and all foreigners drink. Then have a cigar. What? Not smoke! Why all foreigners smoke. The excesses they go to in eating and drinking and fast living are fearful." All these things a missionary at the out-ports meets, while in the interior one would hear of them less frequently, perhaps not at all. They are such immense evils that he feels that some of his strength must be used against them, though he would prefer to use it all in a better way.

Just here I am reminded of another side of this question; viz., the estimate in which the missionaries are held by a few in this foreign country.

Most of us have heard of the tiger story, which tells of a missionary and merchant of India who were travelling in the same steamer. The former spoke of the native Christians, when the merchant observed that he did not believe that there were any native Christians in India, for he had lived there for years and never seen one. A little later the merchant became very much excited when telling of the pleasures of tiger hunting, and the great number he had helped to kill, when the missionary quietly remarked that he did not believe there were any tigers in India, for he had lived there twenty years and never seen one. "But," said the

merchant, "perhaps you never went where the tigers *were*." "Well," replied the missionary, "perhaps you never went where the *native Christians* were." One missionary lady in China has told me that if one of their foreign neighbors were asked how many converts those missionaries had made, he would probably say, none, so little did he know or care about their work; and yet their native Christians are numbered by hundreds, though most of them are at country stations.

I have wondered if we could not occasionally take with us to the Chinese homes of sorrow and suffering we visit some one of our foreign lady friends outside the missionary circle; if we might not take another to our schools, and even sometimes get one into the chapel on Sunday; not so much to let our left hand know what our right hand does, as to share with them the reacting help and joy that comes to us from our work. Then too we must be willing to meet any objections to ourselves and our manner of living as honestly as we should meet any other objections; and while we do not seek to be "pleasing men," but God, who tries our hearts, we should still pray to be as "wise as serpents and harmless as doves," while we live "in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation."

Since results depend upon the blessing of our heavenly Father and the spirit of the worker, I see no reason why sowing here should not "yield an hundred-fold" as well as the seed scattered on the inland fields.

POVERTY IN CHINA.

MISS H. NOYES, CANTON.

A FEW days ago one of the women who has studied medicine with Dr. Kerr died after a short illness. She was expecting to go with Dr. and Mrs. Thomson to Linchau. She was taken to her parents' home in a little village a few miles out from the city not long before her death. We went out there to have a funeral service, and I could not picture to you the utter wretchedness and poverty of the scene. Her father is an opium smoker and very worthless, and her poor mother seemed quite broken-hearted. This was her only child. The coffin was in a little room, twelve feet or so by six, without any window and only a mud floor, and nothing whatever in the room but a pile of straw in one corner and on the floor the coffin. Her three little girls stood around the head of the coffin, weeping bitterly. They were clad in coarse white sackcloth, with a piece of the same over their heads, and their hair unbraided and hanging around their shoulders After the service only these three little girls followed as mourners to the cemetery.

It did seem so forlorn. But I hope poor Ayan was a Christian, and if so what a wonderful change for her it must have been when her eyes closed on her dismal surroundings here to open on the glories of heaven! The Chinese often say that our homes seem so beautiful that they must be "almost like heaven." What will it be to them when they see the things "prepared for them who love Him, which eye hath not seen or ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive"? They are so many of them so miserably poor, and then it seems so trying to see them waste in their senseless idolatries the money which might do so much good in relieving the destitute.

All day to-day there has been almost incessant firing of crackers. Last night and to-night again there is a great display in worshipping the moon. I just heard this morning of a sacrifice of two horses at the confluence of two rivers, some distance from Canton, and the expenses connected with the ceremonies amounted to over five thousand dollars. All last month, night after night there were processions of gayly-illuminated boats going up and down the river, with priests on board going through their chants and burning large quantities of paper money, clothing and furniture for the use of the spirits of the dead. If they would only use the money in giving comfort to the destitute living, how much misery might be alleviated! In our homeland you can have no idea of the meaning of poverty as we see it here. And then the population is so overwhelming that when we stop to think of the accumulation of misery it is appalling. If only the opium curse could be removed it would make matters very much better. At our monthly conference, day after to-morrow, the opium question is to be discussed. Dr. Thomson has prepared a paper on the subject. Many of the Chinese are most desirous to get free from it, but it is like intemperance in other lands.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

A most extraordinary demonstration in favor of foreigners took place recently in Shantung province, China, which seems like a new era in mission work. A great company of the villagers and church members from the region all about presented complimentary tablets and formally welcomed Dr. Porter and Mr. Smith, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, as residents of the little village of Pang Chuang—a circumstance unparalleled in missionary experience in China. The feast, of which between four and five hundred guests partook, was four or five days in course of preparation.

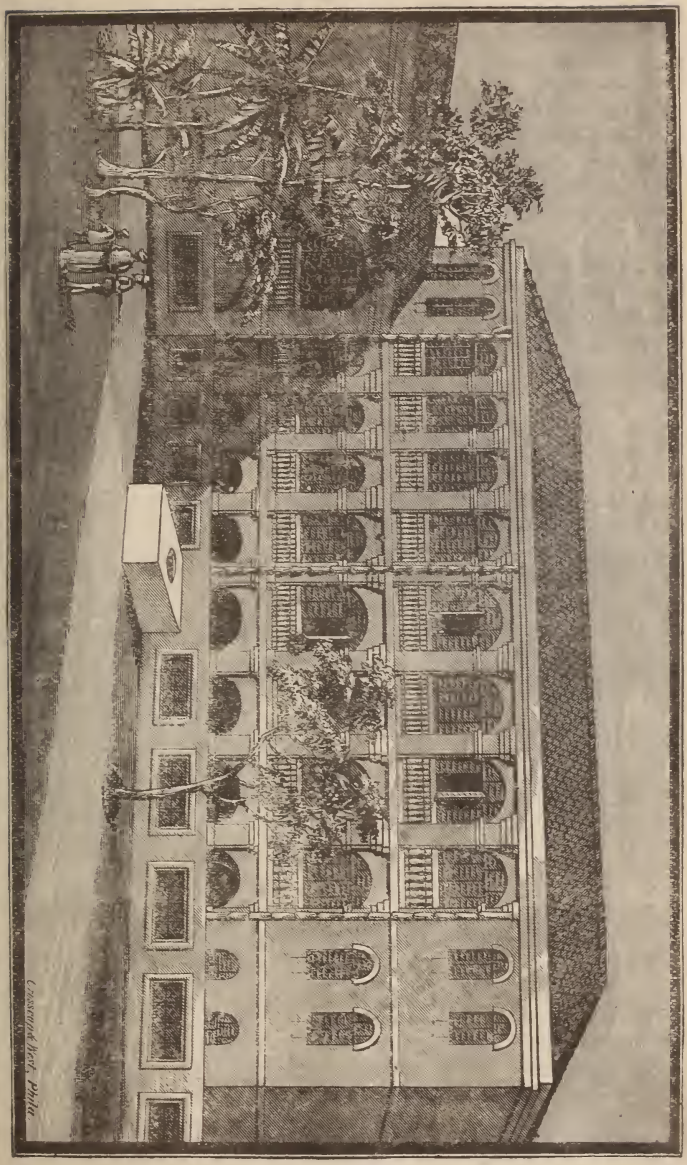
THE CANTON SEMINARY.

MISS M. NOYES.

PERHAPS the readers of *Woman's Work* would be interested in a short description of the Canton Seminary building which appears in this number. It is a great pleasure to introduce it to its many friends, and the photograph will no doubt give a more definite idea of the structure than previous letters may have done. It is ninety-three feet in length, built of leaden-colored brick; but the walls are washed with a lighter color to prevent its having quite so sombre an appearance. The tile roof looks a little heavy, and you will notice the absence of chimneys; but the climate of Canton is so warm (we have no snow or frost) that fires, even in winter, are considered unnecessary. The wall enclosing it is also brick, and for the sake of ventilation, as well as beauty, a very pretty open work of green stone is inserted, looking as we see it not unlike a row of pictures framed into the wall. If it were solid it would cut off the breeze from the lower story, making the rooms very hot.

I hear the question, "What is that square block in front?" A *well.* And we are often reminded, when the women come with their water buckets to draw therefrom, of the well by which Jesus sat when He talked with the woman of Samaria. In all probability that was not unlike this one. The chapel at the left stands at right angles with the main building. The tree at the corner, with long, pendant leaves, is the banana, whose fruit presents rather an odd appearance as it grows in one long cluster near the top. This fruit is so common that it can be obtained there at any time during the year.

Suppose we take a tour of inspection and get acquainted with the interior. The entrance is just below that large arch in the chapel. We ascend the stairs, and find ourselves in a hall opening at the left into the chapel, and at the right into the main building. We will first take a view of the chapel, with its neatly washed and pencilled walls, its organ, and rows of seats arranged to accommodate one hundred pupils. This room is never used except for morning prayers and other religious services, in order that the scholars may have no other association connected with it than as a place set apart for God's worship. The first floor under the chapel is devoted to class-rooms. Now up another flight of stairs and we reach the third floor. The door through which we enter admits us into a hall extending the whole length of the building, and opening upon either side into the rooms of our sixty girls. As you look in you perchance exclaim, "What! do they sleep upon boards?" Yes, boards; but you observe they are covered with bright matting, the comfort used as a covering is nicely folded and



laid across the foot, the mosquito nets are looped back, the whole, at least in Chinese eyes, looking very comfortable. Each room with its double closet is arranged for two pupils.

Those eight arches open into a veranda about eight feet wide, as is the case upon the first and second floors, and these constitute the *recreation ground* for the school. It was an exceeding disappointment that there could be no room about the building; but in such a crowded city it was impossible.

You have heard the "prayer-rooms" spoken of. There they are in the corners of this third floor. If a pupil wishes at any time to be alone or have a quiet talk with a school friend upon those things which concern the inner life, or if a little prayer-meeting is desired, here is a place always ready. The first "united" prayer ever offered in the Canton Seminary went up from that east corner room. There is now no cause for the remark made by one of the girls when we occupied the former building that she could never talk or pray with any one without being *overheard*. But we must not tarry longer. We descend to the girls' dining-room, situated under those two west windows. Several tables, bordered with their bowls and chop-sticks, show plainly that Chinese and not foreign customs are adopted in the line of diet. I may say here, the native dress is worn, the Chinese language only is spoken, and the text-books used are all Chinese.

The girls' school-room is next the dining-room, its length measured by five arches, the rostrum occupied by the teacher being opposite that open blind. This room, high and airy, fitted up with single desks, seated after the manner of school-rooms in our own land, does not look so very foreign, and the occupants thereof are by no means dull or stupid. The three succeeding arches, with those below them, locate the sleeping-rooms used by the women; and just under the "prayer-room" we find one of the brightest spots in the whole building. This is where we introduce you to the women's training-school, and also six or eight who are engaged in the study of medicine. Although the Chinese aver that women have neither souls nor intellects, as a rule those in this department make very commendable progress. Quite a large corps of Bible women and teachers are the first fruits of this school.

Perhaps we are too tired to extend our trip, so I will only say the five arches at the west end, together with a room for study hidden from view by the end of the chapel, are devoted to the twenty primary pupils, who study here at least one year before going up stairs. Blinds are not necessary in these arches, as the girls are sufficiently hidden from the gaze of the passers by.

And this is the home for a period of years of the pupils of the Canton Seminary.

In a letter from Miss H. Noyes, September 15, 1882, she says, "The girls in the boarding-school are very ambitious to get good grades, and study most diligently all through the year. Indeed, many of them seem so fond of study, and are so anxious to have their lessons well learned, that they spend much of their play-time in studying. This year makes just ten since the school was first opened in 1872. During that time eighty-three of the scholars have been received into the church. Forty of these have been employed as helpers in the mission work, either as teachers or Bible-readers. When the girls' boarding-school was first opened there were only four scholars; this year there have been sixty-two. The first two years that I was here I could get only eleven scholars, and this year I have altogether two hundred and fifty in the boarding-school and several day-schools."

THE BAMBOO TEMPLE.

MISS JENNIE ANDERSON, CHEFOO.

There is a lovely spot—lovely for this part of China—four or five miles from Chefoo, called the Bamboo Temple. The location is a hillside, with the temple quite concealed by trees. The hill is a very high one, and I know that the view of the sea on one side and the long line of valley and smaller hills on the other must be magnificent. I am content, however, to abide in that belief without proving it by actual sight. The perfect air of freedom on that hillside is something for an American to exult in. One seems to be miles and miles away from heathenland. It is so glorious to get away from curious eyes, if only for a few hours at a time. The crickets and the birds! Oh, it is something to remember those few days when I could lie on the rocks and look up at the sky and try to imagine myself back in a land where I could indulge in pleasures of the woods to my heart's content. I did some village visiting from the temple. I visited this same set of villages last fall and had a very weary time of it—the people were so rude. I was overjoyed therefore to find them kind and glad to see me this time. In one village an old woman came to me as soon as I entered the village with a bright welcome on her face, and said, "Oh, you're come! I am so glad; my son has come back." She evidently expected I would know all about her son, which I did not, and she went on to explain: "You know when you were here last year my son had run away from home, and I was in great trouble. You told me that I might pray to the heavenly Father to bring him home; that you knew no other way. Well, I did pray, and he has come home." The woman's face was

radiant, and she was ready to believe that God would give her anything she asked for; but how to make her understand her burden of sin and the need of forgiveness is beyond me. I can only pray for the Holy Spirit to show her the state of her own heart. I had quite a little satisfaction and encouragement in those villages. We spent one Sunday in the temple, and they took us to see that wonderful god with the eighteen hands. I am afraid the priests are not as holy as they might be considering the time they have for meditation. I heard an old missionary say that he thought he could see a resemblance between the face of a priest and that of his favorite idol; that in the constant contemplation of it he grew to be like it. Certainly some of their faces are inane enough to be like those images. The man used this as an illustration of how *we* might grow to be like *our* great Master. Superstition is the reigning power among the women. If you could see the foolish ceremonies of the people and the priests, and realize what a baleful influence this idol worship has on a people, you would hold doubly dear our churches and our Sabbath.

GLEANINGS FROM RECENT READING.

CULTIVATION of the memory is the chief thing aimed at in the Chinese schools, not because the memory is valued in itself, but because the cultivation of the memory is the best way to produce persons less liable to make innovations upon the existing order of things, and more likely to follow in the beaten path. Their memory fills their thoughts with the wise words and sayings of Confucius and Mencius, and whenever they think, they think of plans and principles that tend to preserve the established order.—*Prof. W. T. Harris in The Chautauquan*, November, 1882.

We looked into one temple which was undergoing repairs, and in which all the *Boussahs* or images had little strips of pink paper pasted over their eyes. The priest explained that these are prayers to the gods to retire from the temple till it is ready to receive them again. In the meantime the images are only images.

Next we halted at one of the innumerable ancestral halls which represent so large a phase of the religious life of China. For here is offered that worship which is thought to soothe the spirit of each departed ancestor, and here are presented offerings of savory meats, on the fragrance of which the hungry dead are supposed to feast. Here, too, are solemnly burned paper effigies of horses, houses, garments and money, the smoke of which, it is believed, ascends gratefully to the unseen world, there to assume the real and useful forms which here they only represent.—*C. F. Gordon Cumming in The Century Magazine*, September. 1882.

In spite of the fact that the national temperament is not inclined to spiritual devoutness, but rather to secularity; that the Confucianists have always looked coldly on this foreign religion, scorning it publicly and despising it in their hearts; and that emperors have by repeated edicts held up the Buddhists to popular condemnation, still, devout men and women have been found among them. These are but a very small percentage of the whole number of monks. The chief reason of their being few is found in the nature of Buddhism, as a religion without God. That belief in God which gives vigor to a religion is absent from Buddhism, except in so far as Buddha, in this system of belief, takes the place of God in the devotee's consciousness. This, however, is only a limited conception. As a man Buddha is long since dead. As God Buddha is lost in pantheistic indefiniteness of idea. Both the metaphysical dogmas and the understood sense of the Nirvana surround the idea of God with a thick haze. For the soul feeling after God, in the region of Buddhist thought, there is no personal reality to be grasped. . . . Buddhism is a very disappointing religion to those who sigh for certitude and reality. The hungry soul finds nothing to feed on in this religion but philosophic dogma and unreal imaginations.—*Joseph Edkins, D.D., in The Catholic Presbyterian*, August, 1882.

The conversion of China is, without question, the most gigantic task which is placed before the Christian Church. But at the same time there is no country so wonderfully prepared by Providence: a homogeneous people; a large proportion of readers in every quarter; minds cultivated by systematic study, ready to grapple with the truth; and a written language which can reach the whole empire.—*Rev. Alexander Williamson, LL.D., in The Catholic Presbyterian*, October, 1882.

A Chinese mandarin, on reading a translation of Matthew's Gospel, said, "Its style is perfect. It is quite as good as that of Confucius himself. And as to these New Testament ideas there is nothing so beautiful in all Chinese literature. The humanity of the Sermon on the Mount I am perfectly fascinated with. Our sages became gods after they had written our revered classics; but divinity must have come before the writing of these matchless thoughts, these exquisite sentiments."—*The Missionary Review.*

It is when Confucius comes to deal with the relation between friend and friend that he strikes out that remarkable principle which our Gospels have made familiar to every Christian, and which has come down to us by the name of the golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would not that others should do unto you, do not ye unto them." That Confucius is the author of this precept is undisputed, and, therefore, it is indisputable that Christianity has

incorporated an article of Chinese morality. It has appeared to some as if this were to the disparagement of Christianity—as if the originality of its divine Founder were impaired by consenting to borrow a precept from a heathen source. But in what sense does Christianity set up the claim to moral originality? When we speak of the religion of Christ as having introduced into the world a purer life and surer guide to conduct, what do we mean? Do we intend to suggest that Christianity has for the first time revealed to the world the existence of a set of self-sacrificing precepts—that here for the first time man has learned that he ought to be meek, merciful, humble, forgiving, sorrowful for sin, peaceable and pure in heart? The proof of such a statement would destroy Christianity itself, for an absolutely original code of precepts would be equivalent to a foreign language. The glory of Christian morality is that it is not original—that its words appeal to something which already exists within the human heart, and on that account have a meaning to the human ear. No new revelation can be made except through the medium of an old one. When we attribute originality to the ethics of the gospel we do so on the ground, not that it has given new precepts, but that it has given us a new impulse to obey the moral instincts of the soul. Christianity itself claims on the field of morals this originality, and this alone. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." It claims to have set up in the world an ideal of moral beauty which is fitted so to captivate the eyes and the hearts of men as to make it no longer necessary to lay down moral rules for the conduct of life. Love has taken the place of law, and that which in the old dispensation was at best but a golden rule has become, through the power of love, a golden necessity.—*Rev. George Matheson in The Faiths of the World.*

MISSIONARY LADIES IN CHINA.

REPRESENTING THE W. F. M. S.

Miss Hattie Noyes, Canton.
Miss Mattie Noyes, "
Mrs. A. P. Happer, "
Miss Mary Happer, "
Miss Elverda Happer, "
Mrs. B. C. Henry, "
Miss E. M. Butler, "
Mrs. George F. Fitch, Shanghai.
Mrs. Charles Leaman, Nanking.
Mrs. John Butler, Ningpo.
Mrs. C. W. Mateer, Tungchow.
Mrs. James M. Shaw, "
Mrs. H. R. Smith, "
Miss L. E. Mateer, "
Mrs. John Murray, Chenanfoo.
Mrs. S. A. Hunter, "
Mrs. J. L. Nevius, Chefoo.
Mrs. J. Hood Laughlin, Chefoo.

REPRESENTING THE W. P. B. M. OF THE NORTHWEST.

Mrs. W. J. McKee, Ningpo.
Mrs. J. M. W. Farnham, Shanghai.
Miss Lizzie Farnham, "
Mrs. W. S. Holt, "
Mrs. Hunter Corbett, Chefoo.
Miss Jennie Anderson, "
Mrs. Robert Mateer, Tungchow.

Words from our Missionaries.

CHINA.

Mrs. C. W. Mateer, Tungchow.—Much time and strength must be expended in looking after the food, and the rooms, and the bedding, and repairs, and accounts, and settling the daily difficulties that arise, and caring for the little ailments. I have tried again and again to put off the care of these things, but have only made more work for myself in the end. When I feel impatient about these petty cares which take so much strength which I would gladly spend in doing more spiritual or more intellectual work, I am often comforted by remembering the long and minute directions given to Moses about providing the place for the worship of God. And God specially fitted cunning workmen and wise-hearted women to make the things needed. Certainly the first object of this school is to raise up Christian men to lead their heathen countrymen to the Saviour of sinners, and it cannot be carried on without these things being attended to, therefore I conclude that I am doing the Lord's work. Obedience is what is required of us, not great things nor the things that seem to us most useful.

I was out last week at a village forty miles distant, attending a wedding. A former pupil here (now assistant), and one of Mrs. Capp's graduates, were married.

Miss E. M. Butler, Canton, September 19.—All the boys of the boys' school come early enough to attend morning prayers in the hospital chapel, with the men and women, the assistants and medical students from the hospital. They attend morning Sabbath-school every Sabbath with the boarding-school girls. It is a refreshing sight to see all those children together; Miss Noyes' girls on one side and the boys on the other. They almost fill the chapel. They remain to service after Sabbath-school; then in the afternoon they are under the instruction of Mr. Henry and Dr. Kerr, while Miss Noyes and I are in the boarding-school. It was in this afternoon service that I heard them, soon after I came here, repeat in concert the ten commandments without a single break. It was like a chant; I have heard only one thing finer here in China, and that was the recitation in concert of the fourteenth chapter of John by our school-girls on the last day of school.

Mrs. G. F. Fitch, Shanghai, October 26.—It is so good to see the old missionaries return and new ones come. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Abbey, Dr. Stubbert and Mrs. Whiting started for Nankin this morning. Dr. and Mrs. Nevius leave for Chefoo on Saturday, 28th.

Miss H. Noyes, Canton.—Dr. Kerr's large hospital, which is in the lot adjoining ours, furnishes an excellent field of labor for the

women who are studying in the school to fit themselves for work as Bible readers. Eight from the school have been visiting regularly in the wards, talking with and instructing the patients. Last year over twenty thousand patients were treated in the hospital, and as they came from all parts of the province the seed thus sown is very widely scattered. A day or two since I heard of an interesting incident. A young man has just united with the Baptist church, and at his examination it was found that for many years no idols had been worshipped in his family. Twenty years ago his grandmother came to the hospital for treatment, and while there was taught to worship Jesus. She gave up her idols and taught her daughter what she had learned, and she in turn her son, and all these years they have been worshipping the one true God as well as they know how. And we may hope that there are many such instances.

PERSIA.

Miss Bartlett, Teheran, has reached her new home, and writes, "All along the way I was wonderfully taken care of, and the journey was much more pleasant and enjoyable than I imagined. Even the dreaded overland march was made comfortable by the loving forethought and kindness of our new friends. The mountains did not become mole-hills at our approach, but were very steep and rocky. Still the mules never fell so flat that they did not get up again; so by travelling at night and resting each other by taking turns riding horseback we reached Teheran October 4, well and strong. . . . My first impressions of the school were full of wonder, for I could not see how two ladies could accomplish so much. Since I came three new girls have entered, and the contrast between them and those who have been under Christian training was most striking."

Miss Mary Jewett, Tabriz.—I am glad to tell you that we are in our new house, and both well. Miss Clark returned very much improved in health, and we have worked very hard in getting settled in our new home. The living part of the house is finished, but the men are still at work upon the school part. We hope that will be ready for the opening of the term, in about two weeks. We have had quite a number of applicants, and the prospect is that we shall open school with great energy and animation. Two girls have already come from Maragha, their father bringing them and leaving them in our care.

I have begun my work among the women, and how I do enjoy it, and how thankful I am to be well enough to work again!

AFRICA.

Mrs. Graham C. Campbell, Gaboon.—I hope I am the first to inform you that a new missionary has arrived in Gaboon.

He came August 27, and has been the centre of attraction ever since. His name is Robert Henry Campbell. He is strong and healthy, and thus far Africa has dealt very kindly with him as well as his mother. Day before yesterday was Mr. Walker's seventy-fourth birthday, and we celebrated it by having a little tea-party at Mrs. Bushnell's, each lady contributing her share to the tea, and each having some token of remembrance for him. There are few men who have spent so many years in foreign work as he has done. A very interesting feature of the day was that four missionary babies were present at his reception, and, second to Mr. Walker, were the chief attraction of the occasion.

JAPAN.

Miss Mary K. Hesser, Osaka.—It gives me much pleasure to be able to tell you that we have arrived here safe and well, November 14. We left Yokohama November 8, after spending two weeks very pleasantly there and at Tokio. We have seen but little of this city, but the Concession is the pleasantest of all the foreign settlements we have seen in Japan. It is surrounded by a river which drains it, and consequently renders it healthy, and the view of the river is very beautiful. There are very few houses for rent here, and the rooms that the Winns and we will occupy this winter are on the upper floor of a store. There is some property for sale opposite Mr. Alexander's home; a large piece of ground, with a good Japanese house and several smaller outbuildings. It was once occupied by an American consul, and two of the rooms are finished in foreign style, while the rest of the house has only paper walls and no windows, but with comparatively little expense the property could be made very comfortable, and suitable for a home and a school. We have had several requests already for a girls' boarding-school. The day we arrived a man came and asked us to take his two girls, one eleven, the other thirteen, years old. To-day another applied. I can hardly decide what to do. We want to take these girls, and yet we have no place to put them. I cannot help thinking of the words I read in the *Interior* of October 12, which arrived to-day: "The little children who are growing up in darkness will be witnesses hard to face in the day of judgment." My heart goes out to these children, and I long to take them every one and care for them, soul and body. For we feel that in order to help these girls we ought to have them entirely under our care, away from the immoral influence of their homes.

Last Sunday we went to one of the preaching places, in the house of a native Christian. We took off our shoes and sat on mats, with our feet under us, for two hours and a half. Although I could not understand one word of the sermon, I was pleased to

see the attention. I could see the look of pride and scorn gradually change into one of interest. At the afternoon meeting several remained to inquire about Christianity. Those who become Christians are mostly of the Samourai, or better class of people. The coolies and lowest classes are generally Buddhists, while the highest are mostly skeptics.

SIAM AND LAOS.

Miss Sarah C. Wirt (*Laos Mission*), *Yellow Sea, October* 26.—We have had a splendid voyage from Yokohama, 1600 miles in less than six days. Now we are just off the coast of China, in plain view of the mountainous coast, and surrounded by hundreds of queer-looking junks with high curved prows and bamboo sails. We are seeing all sorts of aqua-marine life and vegetation. We are a little sad about leaving the old Gaelic, for she is the last link between us and our native land. But God has abundantly fulfilled His promise unto us, and "all I need in Him I find." As our band decreases in numbers we grow more and more to each other; not that home friends are less dear, nay, rather dearer, but we are set apart together and our bond is peculiarly sacred and sweet. Heavenly things seem nearer than earthly now, nine thousand miles away from home, but oh, how near in heavenly union! May the dear Lord keep us so close to His side that we may fully realize "there is no separation in Him."

Mrs. Sturge, Petchaburi, writes of having visited Pahktelay, "which means the mouth of the sea, on the gulf of Siam—the Cape May of Petchaburi, but very unlike that delightful resort. Do not get the idea of its being a very fashionable resort, for it is not. The styles are—the very first invented after poor Eve ate of the apple, that is, for the adult population; the young idea has not yet progressed even as far as that.

"We found the people very ignorant indeed. They seemed greatly to enjoy the services we held, and were sorry to have us leave them. Doctor visited many at their homes. There were very few who had ever seen a white woman before, and as their women never learn to read, they thought it a most extraordinary thing that I could read English; but when I read a little in Siamese their admiration knew no bounds. They think I must have a vast amount of merit to be as white as I am. You know that everything white is quite sacred to them. A perfectly white cat is petted and caressed by all, young and old, while the colored ones are all abused."

INDIA.

Mrs. C. B. Newton, Rawal Pindi.—We are expecting to have a ladies' missionary conference in Lahore this winter. The paper

proposing it was issued by Mrs. Newton and Miss Tucker (A. L. O. E.), they being among the oldest missionary ladies in the Punjaub. Then a committee of three was elected, one from the Church Zenana Mission, one from the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, and one from our own Board. The programme is a very full one, covering five days.

Mrs. Ferris, Panalla.—Since I wrote you I have had quite an experience in cooking, and I enjoyed an article in a number of the *Woman's Work* on that subject very much. My cook was so dishonest I turned him off, and was really glad to try to show my husband what I could do. My mother taught us at home how to cook, so I was prepared. My stove is a little one, only a foot and a half square, with a very diminutive oven; still I managed very well, as we buy our bread from Kolapoor. Everything seems so awkward and inconvenient out here in a cook room that I was glad to get a good cook again and resign my place.

In July we opened a school for heathen children in our new chapel, which is not entirely finished yet on account of the rains. Ram-core-bai, who formerly was here and in Ratnagiri with Mrs. Graham, is here again and has charge of the school. There are twelve names of boys and girls on the roll. They are mostly Mohammedans and Marathis, and seem very bright and quick to learn.

SYRIA.

Mrs. Mary P. Ford, Sidon, November 7. 1882.—You can doubtless appreciate the difficulty of so writing as to convey a perfectly correct impression of the state of the missionary work in any land. We may report without exaggeration the interesting cases that come to our notice, which fill our own hearts with joy and hope, and perhaps the hope that we cannot but cherish is blighted before its record reaches our native land. And again, if these particular instances of inquiry or conversion do not prove transient or superficial, our home friends may in imagination give the bright coloring and hopeful aspect to the whole field, while the evident tokens of promise may be but as a "drop in the bucket," when compared with the prevailing ignorance, indifference or opposition of the mass of the people. We are, and we ought to be, very thankful for open doors of access to the people, for the gradual removal of prejudices, the spread of light and knowledge, for the many who hear the word of God in one way and another, and for constant proofs that some who hear are profited thereby; yet, the means used seem feeble, often almost useless, and so very inadequate to the work to be done that the courage of the workers would soon fail if it were not for the precious promise that His word shall not return to Him void, and therefore they continue to

sow in hope. These thoughts are suggested by the fear that I may have given you an impression of greater absolute progress than has really been attained. Having occupied so much of the space with these cautionary words, I will add a few regarding our pleasant summer in the mountains.

Jedaideh is a large village situated in a central position, three villages where there are Protestant churches, from one to two and a half hours ride distant, being in sight from the house in which we lived. There are three other of our out-stations at about the same distance, and still others beyond. I had the privilege of making eleven visits to seven places, sometimes spending the day only, and sometimes going on Saturday and returning on Monday. At most of the places Christian women were among those who met with me for prayer and Scripture reading, and some of these gatherings seemed to me very precious. We are often disappointed and grieved by offences among those whom we love as Christians, and from whom we have hoped better things; this is the shady side; but there is a sunny side too, and we believe that the grace of God is working in many a heart notwithstanding. In Jedaideh a woman's meeting on Thursday evening has been sustained through the year, with occasional interruptions from severe cold or snow or prevalent sickness. Miss Nelson and I were present every week while in the country. We received many calls from the people, who were really friendly, and returned them all. On the last Sabbath of our stay in Jedaideh, after the second service (a Sabbath-school) I asked the women who were church members to tarry for a season of prayer, expressing the wish that each one should offer a petition. I asked the teacher's wife to pray, and twelve others followed her without hesitation, two of whom were not church members. Some of these had previously said they could not pray in the presence of others.

We thank you and your associates, in your important part of the foreign missionary work, for remembering us in ours.

Miss Nelson, Sidon, November 15, 1882.—We have recently had the pleasure of welcoming Miss Ford, who gave me the additional pleasure of receiving her to the seminary as my associate in Miss Eddy's absence. Was she not a real God-send? With my inexperience I hardly know how I could have gone on alone. The care has been lighter than I anticipated, and certainly God has been with us in answer to the prayers of many on both sides of the water. In His providence we have plain indications of His presence. What we need and long for now is a manifestation of the Spirit's power in the hearts and lives of all our household. Surely the prayers that ascend day and night from so many hearts must be heard and answered in some way.

For the Young People.

A GIRL'S THOUGHT OF INDIA.

MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

"WHAT do you think, Ruth?" said Florence May, a bright girl of sixteen, to her schoolmate Ruth Edson: "my sister Helen is going to marry a missionary and going off to the ends of the earth, where we sha'n't see her in nobody knows how long."

When Ruth had expressed amazement and regret in school-girl fashion she wound up with, "Dear me! couldn't she find any one good enough to stay at home with?"

"Just what mamma asked her," said Florence; "but now, between you and me, Ruth, I really don't think Nell thought very much about the missionary part of it. She just fell in love with Mr. Elmer and was sure she couldn't live without him, and felt ready to live on 'Greenland's icy mountains' or 'India's coral strand,' if he was determined to go to one of those two places. The Esquimaux or the Indian, it was all one to her, I fancy. Her dreams pictured only one inhabitant in either place, and that one was all the sun, moon or stars the place needed. But when the story came out, Miss Helen was in trouble, I can tell you. Mamma looked ready to faint, and asked her why she couldn't have fallen in love with some one who hadn't such Quixotic notions in his head, and said she was sure there were heathen enough at home to look after. And as for papa—well, papa just raised his eyebrows and looked at her coolly, as he used when she was little and naughty, and said there was no use talking about it, the thing couldn't and shouldn't be; the idea of her going away off to India to live was simply preposterous, and she might as well give it up first as last. Then poor Nell fell to crying, and I could see that mamma half relented, and Nell looked to me to help her out. And I ransacked my brain for something to say, and finally a bright thought flashed into my mind, and I said, 'Why, papa, just imagine—Mr. Elmer is a grand officer in the English army, and is going with his regiment to be stationed at Calcutta or Bombay for a few years; and I have heard there is delightful society among the English army officers, and they have elephants to ride, and servants before to open the door, and servants behind to keep off the wind, and servants to open and shut their eyes for them if they feel too languid to do it themselves, and—and—why, no end of splendid things, papa: you wouldn't think all that such a hardship; and for my part,' I added, very sturdily, 'I don't see why the queen's army is any better than—than—the Lord's! so there!' and then *I* began to cry, and ran away to hide

myself, for you know I do love Nell to distraction, and though I couldn't bear to see her crossed, I couldn't bear much better to see her go. However, whatever brought it about, papa gave in and so did mamma, and it's all settled at last, and Nellie seems very happy."

"It's India, is it?" said Ruth, thoughtfully. "Of course I know where it is on the map, and I know it's under British rule, but I must confess I don't know much else about it; do you?"

"I didn't till now," said Florence; "but I tell you we have India for breakfast, and India for dinner, and India for evening entertainments, till I really believe I know as much about it as a native or the grand army officers stationed there. By the way, I call Nell Mrs. *General* Elmer now, and pretend she is marrying into the army. It seems to have a soothing effect upon papa, and I have dilated upon all the splendors that are to surround her till I think poor papa more than half believes it. I tell you, Ruth, Mr. Elmer has dragged up all those old Grand Moguls, and Caliphs of Bagdad, and Moore's Lalla Rookh, and the Vale of Cashmere, till I declare India glows like fairyland sometimes, and I fancy I hold Aladdin's lamp, or am present at one of their feasts of roses, or had a hand in building up that wonderful Taj, or am reading out of some of those queer old books that they say are so very, very old."

"Do stop to take breath," broke in Ruth, "and tell me what in the world the Vale of Cashmere or Lalla Rookh or any of those things can have to do with Nell's going to India on a mission?"

"Why, nothing special with her going on a mission, only that it's so very interesting as mere history, and when one is going to live in a country the rest of one's life, it is natural to like to know something about it. And then if its history is very interesting, of course it makes one care more for the country and wish to lift a people capable of such fine things to the best things. Why, honestly, Ruth, I have half a mind to go with Mrs. General Elmer and try my own hand at missionary work."

Lightly as the girl spoke, Ruth knew her well enough to know that her whole heart went with her words, and that it needed no prophet to foretell her future, for Florence was already an earnest Christian, striving honestly to do the Master's work, with all the girlish enthusiasm stirring within her that should ripen into a beautiful and strong maturity, yet with all the sweet shyness that made her veil much of real feeling under mirthful words.

But Ruth said simply, "Has it had this effect on Nellie? You said she didn't care much for that part at first."

"Oh, but you ought to see her now," replied Florence eagerly, adding abruptly, "Older people do make such mistakes about us girls sometimes. Actually, Ruth, they asked her at the Board meeting if she had had this in view all her life, and seemed to

think it rather doubtful if they could pass her if she hadn't. Why, don't you suppose the Lord can put a new idea into one's mind or open a new path before His own children that perhaps they never thought of walking in before? I wonder how much 'Fanny Forrester' ever thought of going on a mission before she fell in love with Dr. Judson. And I do believe, Ruth,"—and here the seriousness on the girl's face deepened into a kind of reverent tenderness and her voice took a low, shy tone,—"I do believe, Ruth, that Christ just caught Nellie with a sort of sweet guile to lure her into her work. No cold idea of duty, even if it had come to her, could ever have brought her where she is now; but when the Lord just put her hand into another human hand and said, 'Come *with him* after me,' don't you see how different it all was? Not that I'm going to wait for that," she added, relapsing into her light tone, "but you see I'm in love with the work already, and needn't go by that path."

"But, Florence," said Ruth, "the Vale of Cashmere belongs to China or Thibet, I thought, or used to."

"Yes, used to; but it belongs to India now. One of those Great Moguls captured it. He wanted to make a united India, like united Germany or Italy; but think of uniting a population that has ninety-eight different languages and about a dozen different religions! After the Moguls secured Cashmere they made a summer residence of it, and had manufactures there of gold and silver stuffs, silks and fine muslins, and jewelry, and goldsmith's work; and then those lovely Cashmere shawls, of course you know all about those. When the Moguls held the throne there were forty thousand looms constantly at work making those shawls. And the rose of Cashmere, don't you remember how Moore writes about it? They used to hold a feast in the rose season every year called the Feast of Roses. You never heard of such magnificence and splendor as those emperors lived in, at least anywhere outside the 'Arabian Nights.' One of them, Akbar, had a hunting establishment which consisted of five thousand elephants and ten thousand horses, and on his birthday there was always a grand display of his wealth. The carpets were of silk and gold tissue in his special tent, and the hangings of velvet embroidered with pearls; and the emperor was three times weighed in golden scales, the first time with gold pieces for weights, the second silver, and the third perfumes, and then all these weights were distributed among the spectators. And then they put up such magnificent buildings! This Akbar built a splendid palace and mosque in Agra and a great mausoleum for his father at Delhi, and the gateways in the walls of Agra were like grand entrances to royal palaces."

(*To be continued.*)

A DAY IN TOKIO.

MISS NETTIE WARNER.

NEARLY all of the streets of Tokio are very narrow. The houses are low, built very close together, and without any yards. The majority of the native houses are one-storied. The sides are of lattice work, covered with a coat of mud, then plastered and whitewashed. The sides facing the street are usually open, which gave us a full view of the interior of their shops, and some of them looked very pretty. The windows, where there are any, are of transparent paper. The streets were thronged with people of all ages and sizes. Nearly every woman we met had a baby tied on her back; some of their heads would hang over so far when asleep it seemed as if their necks would break. Very few of the women are straight. The general dress of the Japanese is very correctly represented by their fans. The officials are required to adopt the European dress; still there is a strong feeling against foreigners and the introduction of their customs. All the foreign shops and business houses are in Yokohama, as they are not allowed in Tokio. They are more favorable to the missionaries than to any other class of foreigners.

We visited the great Buddhist temple. There were many shops inside the grounds, and just in front of the temple was an immense flock of doves, which flew in and out of the building at will. It is of wood, with a pagoda roof. Large pillars are in front just under the roof. The first object to attract our attention was an idol with an infant in its arms. One woman as she came before it bowed, then bowed the head of her little child and folded its hands. The next was the prayer wheel, which is reputed to contain the sacred books, and any one by turning it makes merit for himself. As we proceeded farther into the interior we came to the treasury, and there for the first time in my life I saw people with immortal souls bowing down and worshipping wood and stone. As they approached the treasury they would cast in their money, then bow their heads and rub their hands together. Every little while during their prayers they would lift their eyes to the idols just above them. Young and old came with their offerings and worshipped the idols. On the right hand sat one of the priests. On the left was an idol, whose face was worn very smooth. The worshippers think their diseases can be cured by rubbing their hands on his face, then on the diseased part. The temple was in a state of repair and had a framework around it. It seemed so sad to see those poor people bowing down to idols who could not help them at all, when they need help so much. Oh, how can Christians at home refuse to give the heathen the Bible!

After we left the temple we visited the park, which was beautiful. There were a great many trees, pine, bamboo and other varieties. There were about five hundred pillars in the park, built by those who worship their ancestors, and by building these make merit for themselves.

We returned to Mr. Thompson's about 6 P. M. and spent a delightful evening with them and the other missionaries. They have a very pleasant home, fitted up in American style. When we were in their house we could almost imagine we were in our own land. They gave us a very encouraging account of their mission work. We reached our ship about 11, and were off the next morning by daylight.

A GOOD PROGRAMME.

THE following programme, interspersed with singing and prayer, proved instructive and entertaining at a recent meeting of a young ladies' band. It is very suggestive, and can be made to cover a longer or shorter time, as the subjects given are more or less fully treated. At the meeting mentioned, it occupied one hour:

SUBJECT:—*Temples and Sacred Shrines of Different Nations.*

BIBLE READING.—Temple of Solomon, 1 Kings vi. 1–38; Temple at Babylon, 2 Chron. xxxvi. 7; Vessels put back, Ezra v. 14, 15; Destruction, Mark xiii. 1, 2; Christ's body, John ii. 18–21; Temple of Diana, Acts xix. 26–28; Temple made with hands, Acts vii. 48, 49: Temple of God, 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17; Holy Temple, Eph. ii. 19–22; Temple of Holy Ghost, 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20; Idols' Temples, 1 Cor. viii. 10, 11; Heaven, Rev. xxi. 22.

Short articles on the following: India, The Taj; Siam, Temple of Emerald Idol; Mecca, The Kaaba; Japan, Asakusa; Mexico, Teocalli.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

THE heathen perish; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away:
O Christians, to their rescue fly:
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

Wealth, labor, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live.
What hath your Saviour done for you?
And what for Him will ye not do?

Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth;
Call in the south, wake up the north;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

—*James Montgomery.*

At Home.

HOW TO STUDY THE MISSION FIELDS—CHINA.

For several years the mission fields assigned to the different months have been the subjects of our monthly meetings. Topics have been given out, and very able and interesting papers have been written, and much general information gathered and diffused. But the knowledge thus gained has been fragmentary, and acquired only by the few in every society. How to interest all who attend is the question that comes to us, and we would suggest a course of study in which every one can engage.

For February, China is our theme.

Set apart one half hour each day to the study of this country.

First, provide yourself with a good geography with maps; a blank book for taking notes; "Historical Sketches of Missions," published by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Philadelphia, and for sale at 48 McCormick Block, Chicago; also a reliable history of China. We would recommend "The Middle Kingdom," by S. Wells Williams, or "China and the Chinese," by Dr. Nevius. Trace on the map the route taken to reach China from our eastern and western coasts, and learn the time required for the voyage. To get a good idea of the vastness of the field, fix in mind the latitude and longitude, the area and population, and the number of provinces. Locate the mountains, rivers, canals, and the great wall; the cities also, and learn their population. Picture to yourself the hordes of human beings crowded into the narrow streets, living in heathen darkness, "without God and without hope in the world." Associate the names of the Presbyterian missionaries, a list of whom may be found in "Historical Sketches," with the towns where they are stationed.

Make the Chinese your study—their government and industries, their religion, language and literature. You must know something of Confucius, their great teacher, who, though born 551 B. C., had for his golden rule, "What you do not like when done to yourself, do not to others."

Divide your history into daily readings, and if the half hour each day is required to complete the book within the month, set apart a little time in the evening (mothers gathering the children about them) for the map exercises. The young people may find it agreeable to form a reading circle, meeting once a week to discuss what has been read.

Always close the half hour's study with a short prayer for the missionaries, and for the conversion of that great land.

If this plan of study is faithfully carried out, much valuable information will be acquired, there will be an increasing interest in foreign missions, and many will come to the monthly meetings to talk of and pray for the wonderful work of salvation in which God has permitted women to take an active part.

WHAT IS THE MATTER?

THE Publication Committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, holding its bi-weekly meetings at 1334 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, is usually a cheerful as well as busy little body of people. To be sure they sometimes have the unpleasant duty of declining MSS. sent them for publication; often they are obliged to draw in when they would like to launch out; not seldom they must consider economy before beauty or attractiveness; and occasionally they must anxiously discuss the wisdom of putting this or that into print, doubtful whether it is "just the thing" or not. Still their meetings are usually bright and pleasant, and the members depart with faces rather cheery than otherwise.

But one Friday morning late in the year just closed, they went from their meeting one by one, slowly down the stairs, out into the street and to their homes, with faces which had been gradually lengthening and shadowing during the last half of their session. A burden had been waiting for them there, and they each of them had to take it up, feel its weight and carry it away with them. What was it? Why it was something that you and I, good reader, ought to share with them, nor should we rest until it is removed from their shoulders and ours. It was the fact that *Children's Work for Children* cannot be carried on as it is now without heavy debt. At the end of the year this certainty confronted them and us, and no shutting the eyes or averting the head will change or modify it. There it is—and that is what sent the Committee away from their meeting sadly thinking—thinking—thinking, "What shall be done for *Children's Work?*"

Go on as we are doing a little while longer? Debt will gather as surely as the months roll by, for at a club rate of twenty-five cents a year, twelve thousand subscribers (the present number) will not sustain it. Change the form? It would not seem like the old friend to the children, nor is it at all certain that it would be in the end more economical. Cheapen it in style and character? But we must give *good* pictures of the things we want the children to know about, and we must print so that they will *like* to read, or they will *not* read. Give up the magazine altogether? Oh, don't let us do that! How *can* we do it after these years of

work on its behalf, and when it really has such a hold on the children?

Well, what then? What remains? Only one thing—and that is an earnest, enthusiastic, tremendous pull all together, young and old, children and parents and teachers, to bring the list right up to twenty thousand, and dismiss at once and forever all idea of giving up, cheapening, changing, or going into debt. If every one now subscribing would get *one* new subscriber, the end would be accomplished. There will be no difficulty if YOU, and YOU, and I, just put our hands out and do whatever they find to do on this behalf. Here and now, in these early days of 1883, what will YOU do?

THE NEAREST TO HIS HAND.

THE night was dark, as forth into its tomb
The Saviour hasted: He had heard the cry
Of one distressed and lost. Far through the gloom
He flashed the sacred lantern wide and high:
Then I beheld the lamp He bare was it
Which, ready trimmed, lay nearest to His hand,
And breathed a prayer that I might thus be fit,
At any hour, to answer His command.

The conflict raged, the flag was like to fall,
As forth into the battle rushed the Lord:
No jewelled scabbard from His palace wall
Was that He took; He grasped the trusty sword
Girt to His thigh, the nearest to His hand.
Then I put up the prayer that I might be
Just such a weapon, by a golden hand
Held near His reach, that He might honor me.

The King was in His palace: He was glad
With victory and renown; harps hung the wall;
And, as He raised His hand, I saw He had
Taken one thence—the nearest of them all;
And from its strings such hallowed music burst,
I wished that I might hang so near His throne,
That, when He played, my harp might be the first
To feel His touch, kept for His use alone.

Another voice was needed in the choir
Within the temple court. Hard by the gate
Was one who often sang—her one desire
To praise her Lord and at His portals wait.
"Come in!" they cried; and she who nearest dwelt
Unto her King went in to see His face.
And it is ever so our Lord hath dealt:
They are most used who keep the nearest place.

—*William Lufe.*

SPECIAL OBJECTS.

DEAR WOMAN'S WORK:—It may seem presuming in me, a plain member of an auxiliary society, to write you a letter, but a thought has occurred to me that I feel like expressing. The matter may have been discussed and settled long ago by your wise women at 1334, and so I may be entirely behind the age in writing to you about it now. If so, pardon my ignorance.

I have been thinking a good deal lately about "special objects," and in looking over the statistical part of your Annual Report, as I do a great deal, I am more and more impressed with the labor and care it must require to keep straight all those lists of societies and bands that support the teachers and scholars and Bible readers and all that.

I have had it pretty fully explained to me all about the "estimates" of the missions, and how the money is portioned out to each to be expended in the various channels, according to the wisdom and good judgment of the missionaries, and how sometimes it is found wisest to close a school in one place and use the money on an itinerating journey, or to increase or diminish the number of scholars, or to dismiss a Bible reader and use the money perhaps for printing tracts.

All these changes must make a great deal of trouble for some of your secretaries, and doubtless cause much disappointment to auxiliary societies. No such disappointment has ever come to my auxiliary, for we have supported a dear good missionary wife ever since our organization, and intend to hold on to her, sick and well, at home and at her work. But in our Presbytery I think there have been some disappointments. Now could not a good deal of this trouble be obviated by letting societies and bands just take shares, larger or smaller, according to their ability, in the different missions, instead of having their hopes of the success of foreign missions rise or fall according as they hear of the good or bad behavior of some little girl in China, or coming to the conclusion that foreign missions are a failure because some Bible reader that they supported has not proved a success?

Why, I believe there are some people who actually consider themselves defrauded because your secretaries cannot tell them just how many heathen their money has been instrumental in converting!

If societies would take up the plan of giving to a mission instead of for one individual in it, do you not think it would enlarge their views? They would enjoy and feel a sort of propriety in the successes of all the work in that quarter, and would share the disappointments with other supporters. The letters that you publish,

or that I believe are often copied and sent about, would give them subjects for thought and prayer at their meetings, and the feeling that they were shareholders in a whole mission would, it seems to me, go a long way towards enlarging their hearts enough to make them take in the whole world. And ought not every Christian's heart to be as large as that?

Now I believe I have expressed my thought. If I have done it awkwardly, pardon one who is not in the habit of writing for magazines, and publish or not as may seem best. If you think my idea is good, perhaps some of your secretaries can put it in better language. J. S. W.

A SUGGESTIVE INCIDENT.

THE minister's wife was entertaining a little company of friends for tea. The circle of guests included visitors from a distant state, some parishioners, and the presbyterial secretary, whose pen-and-paper acquaintance with the hostess had led to face-to-face and loving converse, invitations, visits, and all manner of delightful things not given in the "Plan for Presbyterial Organization." It was a pleasant company in a cheery parlor. But while the gentlemen talked upon various masculine topics, conversation among the ladies was not extremely brisk. No one seemed to know enough about the others to divine the common ground of interest until the lovely hostess, with great tact, adroitly grouped the ladies and said, "Mrs. ——, you and Miss —— would enjoy talking together about children's missionary organizations; you are both so much interested in them."

The "introduction of this element" quickly "produced new compounds among the other bodies." The social "catalysis" was wonderful to see and hear. There was an immediate loosening of tongues, a comparison of plans, a practical discussion widening throughout the whole circle of missionary interests, and those who had no local ground in common found themselves very near together upon this broad standing-place of world-wide sympathy and service. The earnest talk continued while the departing guests "put on their things," and the cordial "good-byes" showed what friendly feelings had been stirred. Verily, there is no faculty of feeling, no part of life, that is not in some way touched and comprehended by the cause of missions and work therein. Not only the costly blooms of sacrifice and sweet unselfishness and the royal flowers of rich reward grow in the Lord's garden, but all manner of fragrant *little* blossoms too, and the trailing garments of our earthly life gather perfume from the borders as we pass. J. H. J.

SINS OF OMISSION.

INASMUCH as ye did it not for the poor who were always with you, ye did it not for Me. God asks for great things. He approved of the magnificent temple that King Solomon raised for His worship. He commended the use of the expensive ointment that the disciples called wasteful.

There are many women in our Church who can to-day bring boards of cedar and gold for Christ's glory. There are other women who can with some denial bring fragrant ointment that shall heal the bruised spirits of despairing heathen mothers. Yet when each one looks over her individual account of gifts, she is conscious that she is hoarding at home the sweet-scented wood, the burnished metal, the perfumed oil. We have offered only scraps—*only scraps*—to Him who has given us all we have, and made us all we are. Sins of omission! What shall be the excuse? L.

"AND HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS."

Acts xvii. 26.

OH, what a leveller this Scripture is!
How casts it pride of birth unto the winds!
How brings it plain to mind the whole world's sins,
And flings man's vanity down an abyss

Whence nothing can restore it! Down, false pride!
And down, ye high pretensions! Come, poor soul,
Stripped of thy vainful self, and be made whole;
Be clothed in Christ's humility, and bide

Close to His bleeding side. Then shalt thou go
Out to thy poorer brother, and shalt see
In him thy suffering Lord, and joy to be
His helper, and the sharer of His woe.

"And all ye are brethren . . . for one is your Father who is in heaven (Matt. xxiii. 8, 9).

A CONSECRATED GIFT.

OH, that the unused millions in our Church might be consecrated to the service of Him who hath given us *all we have!* God in His wisdom hath given me a heart to love the missionary work, and to desire to do all I can to aid it, but has given me very little of the "gold that perisheth." He has made it possible, in a most unexpected way, for me to send the enclosed mite, which I have laid before Him asking Him to accept and bless it that it may help to "rescue the perishing" in a ten—aye a hundred—fold measure. My most earnest prayers go with it and will follow it.—*From a home letter.*

CURRENT LITERATURE AND MISSIONS.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE FUTURE OF ZULULAND AND SOUTH AFRICA. By the Right Hon. Sir H. B. E. Frere. *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1882.

BY-WAYS OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION. TWO JAPANESE ROMANCES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. *The Magazine of Art*, December, 1882.

MEXICO AS IT IS. By Rev. J. M. Greene. *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, December 9, 1882.

A DAY AT HONOLULU. [From London Society.] *Good Literature*, December 9, 1882.

A DONATION PARTY IN SIAM. By Rev. N. A. McDonald, D.D. *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, December 2, 1882.

OPIUM: England's Coercive Policy and its Disastrous Results in China and India. By John Liggins. *Standard Series*, No. 74. Published by Funk & Wagnalls. Price, 10 cents.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF OPIUM AND OPIUM SMOKING. By Joseph Edkins, D.D., Pekin. *The Catholic Presbyterian*, November, 1882.

THE DRUSES AND THEIR STORY. *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, January, 1883.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES, II. *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, January, 1883.

REV. A. B. ROBINSON.

PERRYSBURG, O.

A POSTAGE stamp for a letter represents a very small amount, yet we all wonder how it is that we spend so much money in these useful little articles. Let this fact give us a hint which many of our readers have already put in practice. When we write to our missionaries in this country, put a stamp in every letter. A missionary who has been in this country only a few months has already spent $5 in postage in replying to letters from societies about their own work. When these friends are asked to visit an auxiliary or attend a meeting, their expenses are paid by those who send the invitation, as a matter of course, but sometimes the minor amounts, which are by no means small in the aggregate, are overlooked. Let us remember that the income of a missionary at home is less than when she is in active service, while she still has many expenses.

W. F. M. S. of the Presbyterian Church.

1334 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SUBJECT FOR PRAYER-MEETING.

ASSEMBLY ROOM, FEBRUARY 20, 1883, 12 M.

PRAYER for patient continuance in well-doing. *Text*—Gal. vi. 9. "And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

In pursuance of action taken at the annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, April 27, 1882, a called meeting to adopt by-laws under the charter will be held in the Assembly Room, 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, April 3, 1883, at 1 o'clock P.M.

MRS. W. E. SCHENCK, *President.*

THE SAO PAULO BUILDING.

ATTENTION was called in the November number of *Woman's Work* to the fund of $10,000, which we hope to secure before the 1st of May, 1883, for the purchase of the building now occupied by the girls' school at Sao Paulo, Brazil. We would like now to repeat and emphasize the call then made for the necessary amount. Three months have passed since that appeal was published, and we have received for the building fund about $950. If in the next three months we get a like amount, it does not require very much arithmetic to calculate how far short of the $10,000 we shall be at the close of our financial year. Shall it be so? We cannot say that the missionaries and pupils will absolutely suffer in consequence of our failure to make up the sum needed, by the specified time, but *we shall;* that is, we shall suffer the disappointment of having to run over into next year some of the work that we expected to complete this year. And we do not know how many pressing appeals, that it will grieve our hearts to resist, may come to us when the next year's estimates are received from the various missions. Therefore we are exceedingly anxious to have all our pledges completed so that we may be ready for fresh work with our new year. Have not some of our readers to whom the Lord has given large means, some delightful large checks to send us, and have not others some blessed mites that are just as welcome? Let us close our year with the Sao Paulo building all paid for!

CAN any of our readers furnish us with the Annual Report of the Board of Foreign Missions for the year 1855? We need this volume to make the set complete for the library of the Society, and have so far been unable to obtain it.

TREASURERS of auxiliary societies and bands will please remember to send their money to the Treasurer of the Presbyterial Society to which they belong, instead of to the Treasurer at Philadelphia; and be sure and send it *just at the time designated* by the Presbyterial Treasurer.

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Clarion Pres., Ridgway and West Millville, Pa.
Lehigh Pres., East Stroudsburg and Patterson Ch., Pa.
Redstone Pres., Mt. Vernon Ch., Pa.

BANDS.

Clintonville, Pa., Y. L. B.
Easton, Pa., Dock St. Mission, Hillside Band.
Freeport, O., Master's Jewels.
Gloucester, N. J., Busy Band.
Keystone Furnace, Pa., Keystone Bd.
Martinsville, Pa., Y. L. B.
Middlesex, Pa., Y. L. B.
Mt. Eaton, O., Children's Band.
Parker's Landing, Pa., Y. L. B.
Philadelphia, Pa., Central Ch., Band of Hope.
Portersville, Pa., Y. L. B.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Bonnell, Mrs. Emily
Bonnell, Mrs. William
Britt, Miss Mary A.
Clark, Miss Alice
Evans, Mrs. D. H.
Foster, Miss Harriet J.
Mitchell, Mrs. Stuart
Watt, Miss L.
Wick, Mrs. H. B.
Wick, Mrs. John C.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, from Dec. 1, 1882.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

ATHENS.—Athens Aux., 25 00

BALTIMORE.—Baltimore, Brown Mem. Ch., Mrs. A. E. Waters, B. R. Canton, 50; Deer Creek Harmony Aux., sending missionaries, 25; Hagerstown Aux., Miss'y Nez Perces, 25; Taneytown Aux. (sch'p Oroomiah, 30), 66. 166 00

BLAIRSVILLE. — Johnstown Aux., Miss'y Laos, 25, Y. L. B., sending missionaries, 10, Miss S. J. Duncan, B. R. Hangchow, 36. 71 00

CHESTER.—Great Valley Aux., 12; Marple Ch., S. S., 25, Cedar Grove, S. S., 15, Newtown, First Day School, 10, for sch'ps Gaboon; Wayne Aux., B. R. China, 25. 87 00

CLARION.—Callensburg Aux., 20; Leatherwood Aux., 11 37; Pisgah Ch., Snowflake Bd., sch'p Futtehgurh and L. M., 30. 61 37

GENESEE VALLEY.—Bradford Aux., Chinese Home San Francisco, 75, Chinese S. S., for Chinese teacher, Oakland, Cal., 50. 125 00

HUNTINGDON.—Altoona, 1st S. S., sch. Syria, 75; Bellefonte Aux., 71, Loring Bd., sch'p Kolapoor, 30 (101); Clearfield Aux., 46 85. 222 85

KITTANNING.—Boiling Spring Aux., 23 68; Elder's Ridge Aux., Miss'y India, 55; Mt. Pleasant Aux., 9 55. 88 23

LACKAWANNA.—Pittston, 1st, Y. L. B., sch. Gaboon, 28 00

LEHIGH.—Allentown Aux., 9; Easton, 1st, Aux., 25, Loring Bd., 12 (37), sch. Sao Paulo; Hokendauqua Aux., 11; Mauch Chunk Aux., 23, Little Workers, Sao Paulo bld'g, 30 (53); Pottsville, 2d, Aux., 24; Reading, Aux., sch. Syria, 20 60; Stroudsburg Aux., 14 25; South Easton, Bd., orphan Futtehgurh, 32. 200 85

LONG ISLAND.—Southampton Aux., 90 85

MAHONING.—North Benton Aux., 31; North Jackson Aux., 30; Warren Aux., work Mexico, 33 50; Youngstown, 1st, sending missionaries, 125, Mexico, 58 92 (183 92). 278 42

MARION.—Liberty Aux., sending missionaries, 12 00

MORRIS AND ORANGE.—Orange, 1st, Aux., Miss'y China, 100; 2d, Heart and Hand Bd., sch'p, 12 50. 112 50

NEW BRUNSWICK. — Trenton, 1st Aux., Miss'y Japan, 225; 3d Ch., Mrs. E. M. Forman, orphan Saharanpur, 30. 255 00

NEWTON.—Washington, 1st, Aux., 2 schools Saharanpur, 100 00

NORTH PACIFIC BRANCH.—Tacoma Aux., 9 00

NORTHUMBERLAND.—Bloomsburg, S. S., nat. tea. Sidon, 50; Muncy Aux., sending missionaries, 17; Williamsport, 3d, S. S., sch. Lahore, 50. 117 00

OCCIDENTAL BOARD.—Vacaville Aux., Sao Paulo bld'g, 8 00

PHILADELPHIA CENTRAL.—Johnstone Aux., Miss'y Odanah, 131 00

SHENANGO.—Leesburg Aux., sch'p Bancho sch. Tokio, 27; Mt. Pleasant Aux., Miss'y Canton, 28; Sharon Aux., Miss'y Siam, 20. 75 00

SYRACUSE.—Oswego, 1st, Aux., 2 sch'ps Sidon, 25 00

WASHINGTON CITY.—15th St. Ch., 10; West St., 13; Western Aux., 7 15; Metropolitan Aux., 15; Collection at Pres. Meeting, 2 20 (47 35), for Miss'y India; Mateer Bd., Mexico, 10. 57 35

WEST JERSEY.—Clayton, Miss Williamson's school, work Talaguga, Africa, 5 62

WOOSTER.—Canal Fulton Aux., sch. Saharanpur, 12; Hopewell Aux., 17 62; Plymouth Aux., B. R. Lodiana, 20; Savannah Aux., 25 28; Wooster, 1st, Aux., 28. 103 50

LEGACY.—Baltimore, Md., Estate of Miss Margaret S. Purviance, 900 00

MISCELLANEOUS.—Bloomsburg, Pa., Rev. Stuart Mitchell, D.D., for L. M., 25; Doylestown, O., a friend, 10; Elderton, Pa., a friend, 5; Greencastle, Pa., a friend, new year off., 10; Harrisburg, Pa., a little child's mite box, for Mynpurie bell, 17 cts.; Montreal, Canada, Canadian Woman's Bd., sch'p Beirut, 75; Olean, N. Y., Miss. Bd., Sao Paulo bld'g, 11 67; Philadelphia, Miss Mary Lloyd, 5; G. W. L., Sao Paulo bld'g, 3; Southville, N. Y., Miss M. A. Mayhew, Sao Paulo bld'g, 2; Terre Haute, Ind., R. Hawley, 1 40; Tioga, Pa., Mrs. M. R. Baldwin, thank off., 2; Washington, Pa., A., Miss'y India, 7 55; A friend, Sidon maps, 10; Clifton Springs, N. Y., Miss A. H. Clark, 20, Miss M. Clark, 5 (25), sending missionaries; Collected by Miss Loring in sundry churches, 165 47; Sale of Historical Sketches, 14; Sale of leaflets, etc., 21 26. 393 52

Total for December, 1882,	3,749 06
Previously acknowledged,	27,445 43
Total from May 1, 1882,	$31,194 49

In the January *Woman's Work* $149 05 from auxiliary society, South Park Church, Newark Presbytery, was omitted by mistake.

MRS. JULIA M. FISHBURN, *Treasurer*,
1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

January 1, 1883.

THE auxiliary society of Bradford, Pa., raised last year $242.65, *special*, for work among Chinese in Bradford, employing a converted Chinaman, who labored with encouraging results for four months among his countrymen in that place.

W. P. B. M. of the Northwest.

ROOM 48, MCCORMICK BLOCK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

TO BE READ AT THE MONTHLY MEETINGS IN FEBRUARY.

Revelation vii. *Golden Text.*—"Is anything too hard for the Lord?"—Gen. xviii. 14.

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Elwood, Ind.
Hartford City, Ind.
Morton, Ill., Deer Creek Church.
New Cumberland, Ind.
Paton, Iowa.
Peru, Ind., New Hope Church.
Sharpsville, Ind., Hopewell Ch.
Tipton, Ind., Centre Grove Ch.
Treaty, Ind., Liberty Ch.
Winchester, Ind.
Yorktown, Ind.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Miss E. W. Baker, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Mrs. Julia Blood, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Mrs. Wm. W. Duffield, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. H. E. Finney, Colorado Springs, Colorado.
Miss Mary R. Fox, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. A. L. Rohbock, Wabash, Ind.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions for the Northwest, to Dec. 20, 1882.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

ALTON.—Greenfield, 9 00

BELLEFONTAINE.—Bellefontaine, 30, Galion, 9 70, both sal. Miss Hartwell; Marseilles, 20, Band, 5, both H. M. 64 70

CAIRO.—Carmi, Rainbow Band, for Eddie Warren, 5 90

CHICAGO.—Chicago, 1st, S. S. India and China, 50; 2d, Tabriz sch., 38 20; H. M., 1; 3d, sal. Miss Olmstead, 100; Y. L., same, 100; 4th, 38; sal. Miss Anderson, 110; Y. L., nat. tea., Rawal Pindi, 25 70; Mother's Mite Soc., 6 58; 5th, 36 68; Campbell Park Ch., 6 15; Evanston, Willing Workers, Osaka bld'g, 17; Hyde Park, 20; Lake Forest, Y. P., 11 42; Steady Streams, 4 20. 564 93

CHIPPEWA.—Hudson, 8 00

COUNCIL BLUFFS.—Dunlap, Tabriz furnishing, 3 50

DENVER. — Boulder, Tabriz bld'g, 6 25; Denver, Central Ch., 26. 32 25

DETROIT.—Detroit, 1st, Mrs. Geo. D. Baker, 25; Mrs. Eliza I. Noble, 25; Fort St. Ch. S. S., nat. tea. and sch'p, Bangkok, 160; Southfield, Mrs. M. S. Jeffrey, 2; Ypsilanti, 25, Y. L., 80, both sal. Miss Dean. 317 00

KALAMAZOO.—Paw Paw, pupil in Peking, 25; White Pigeon, 10. 35 00

LAKE SUPERIOR.—Ishpeming, sch'ps China and Africa, 13 25; Marinette, 19; Menominee, sal. Misses Dougherty and Cundall, 12 25; S. S., 8 42; H. M., 8 43. 61 35

LANSING.—Homer, 20 00

LARNED.—Hutchinson, J. M. Brehm, 15 00

MANKATO.—Mankato, Africa, 25 00

MATTOON.—Charlestown, two sch'ps Kangwe, 28 00

MUNCIE. — Muncie, 10; Portland, sch'p Rio Claro, 7 50; Wabash, Y. L., 43 86. 61 36

OTTAWA. — Polo, 31 30; Union Grove Ch., 5. 36 30

PUEBLO. — Colorado Springs, 30; Pueblo, 12 50. 42 50

ROCK RIVER. — Woodhull, sch'p Dehra, 25 00

SAINT PAUL. — Minneapolis, 1st, Shanghai sch., 20; Andrew Ch., sch'p San Francisco, 12; Westminster Ch., Gaboon, 50; St. Paul, 1st, S. S., Odanah, 15. 97 00

WINONA.—Chatfield, 28 65

MEMORIAL FUND.—Western F. Sem., Oxford, O., sale "Brief Record," 31 00

MISCELLANEOUS.—Andover, Ill., 2; Mrs. E. D. Pierson, San Antonio, Tex., 1 40; Gift, 500; Mrs. Augusta Johnson's class, Texas, 5; W. N. M'Candlish, "Cora and Ernest," Indianola, Neb., Laos, 10; Harriet A. Dickinson, Brooklyn, N. Y., 5; Mrs. B. G. Galloway, Mayfair, Ill., 30; Societies—Chicago, 1st, 3 50; 4th, 2 75; West Liberty, Ia., 1 (3 75), pub. rep. 560 65

Total for month,	$2,072 69
Previously acknowledged,	18,801 67
From April 20 to Dec. 20,	$20,873 76

MRS. HENRY M. HUMPHREY, *Treasurer*,
Room 48, McCormick Block.

CHICAGO, ILL., *Dec.* 20, 1882.